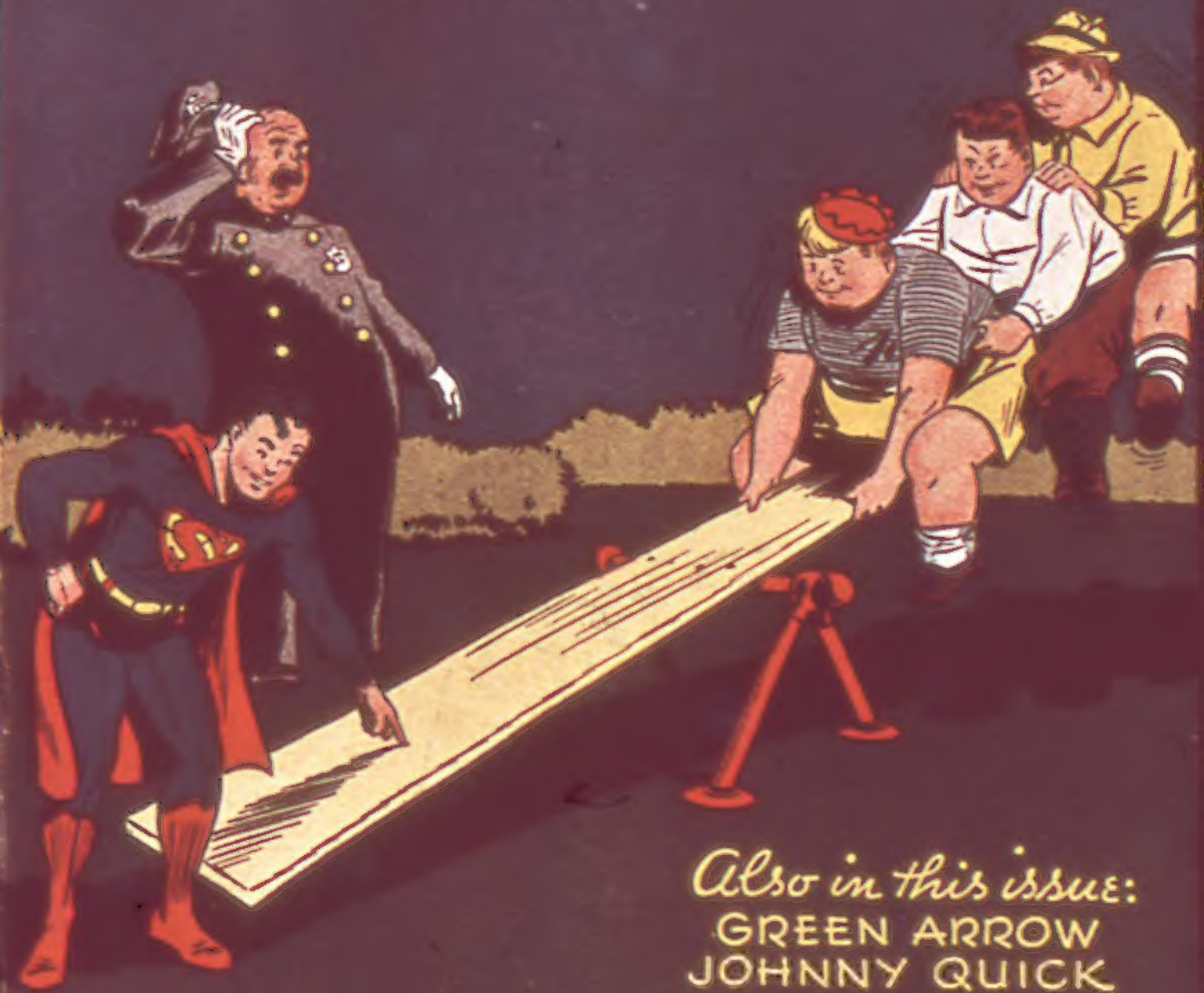




Adventure COMICS

Another
EXCITING STORY OF
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS

SUPERBOY



Also in this issue:
GREEN ARROW
JOHNNY QUICK
SHINING KNIGHT
AQUAMAN

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is for
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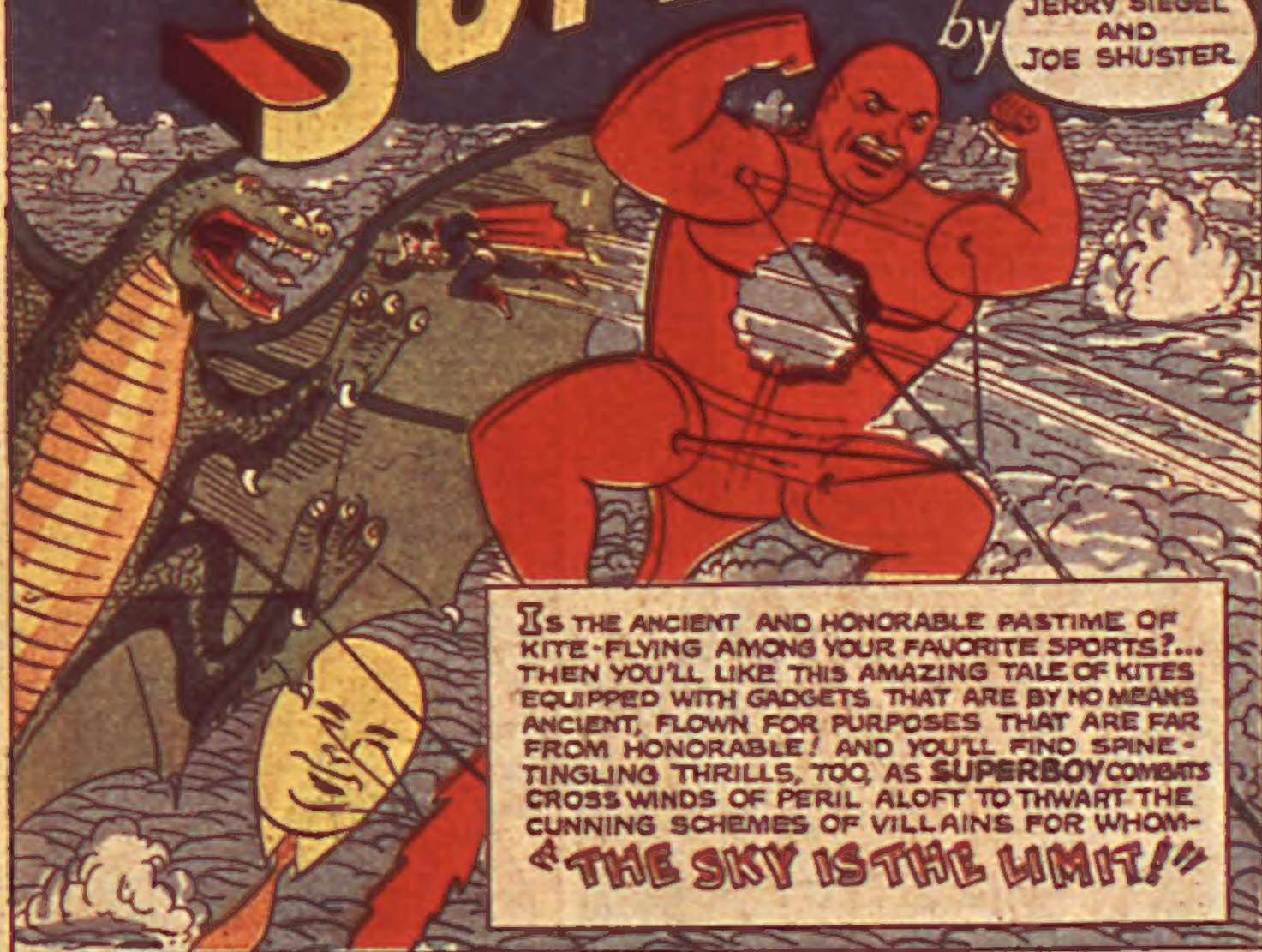
OF THE FAMILY
FELINE.
FOR BOOKS WITH
THIS SYMBOL
HE SURE MAKES
A BEE-LINE!



- ON THE COVER OF
ALL-AMERICAN
COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

SUPERBOY

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER



IS THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE PASTIME OF KITE-FLYING AMONG YOUR FAVORITE SPORTS?... THEN YOU'LL LIKE THIS AMAZING TALE OF KITES EQUIPPED WITH GADGETS THAT ARE BY NO MEANS ANCIENT, FLOWN FOR PURPOSES THAT ARE FAR FROM HONORABLE! AND YOU'LL FIND SPINE-TINGLING THRILLS, TOO, AS SUPERBOY COMBATS CROSS WINDS OF PERIL ALOFT TO THWART THE CUNNING SCHEMES OF VILLAINS FOR WHOM—
“THE SKY IS THE LIMIT!”

STRANGERS COME INTO A LONG-VACANT HOUSE, AROUSING THE CURIOSITY OF YOUNG CLARK KENT AND HIS PLAYMATES...

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE HOUSE IS NAMED HOKE, AND HE CALLS THE YOUNG GUY PEDRO!

THEY'RE SURE MOVIN' A LOT OF MACHINERY AN' BOXES INTO THAT OLD CARRIAGE HOUSE!

MAYBE THEY'RE INVENTORS! GO ON, CLARK—I DARE YOU TO PEEK IN THE WINDOW!

I'M NO SNOOPER! BUT I HAVE TO TAKE A DARE—WHEN IT'S ONE THAT WON'T DO ANY HARM!







THEN GRAPPLING HOOKS DANGLING FROM THE PLANE NOT ONLY AMPUTATE THE DRAGON KITE'S TAIL - BUT EXHAUST FLAMES IGNITE THE PAPIER MACHE SKIN...



BELOW...

THE KITE'S AFIRE! AND IT'S FALLING OVER THE HOUSES!

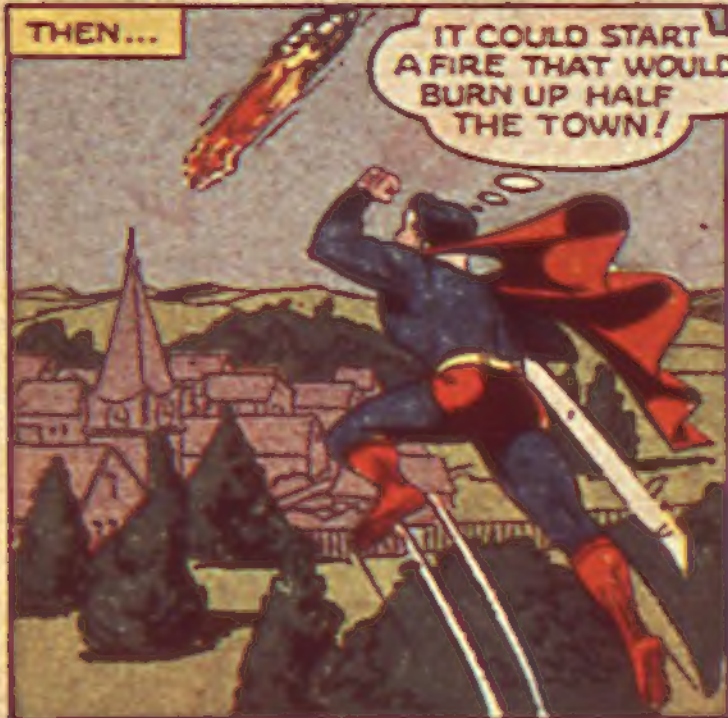
OH, DEAR!

LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SUPERBOY! I'LL JUST SLIP AWAY!



THEN...

IT COULD START A FIRE THAT WOULD BURN UP HALF THE TOWN!



A FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON! IT'S A GOOD THING I'M FLAME-PROOF!



IT'S SUPER-BOY! HE'S DUNKING THAT BURNING KITE!

GOOD BOY! HE'S SAVED OUR HOUSES!



AS SUPERBOY EXAMINES THE CHARRED KITE...

THAT'S FUNNY! THE WAY IT WAS MADE INDICATES HOKE WANTED THE TAIL TO BREAK OFF RIGHT WHERE IT DID!



MOMENTS
LATER...

WE'LL
TRY AGAIN
TOMORROW,
KIDS!

HI, CLARK-
DID YOU SEE
SUPERBOY
GRAB THAT
KITE?

DID
I!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, CLARK KENT IS NOT
AMONG THE KITE FLYERS, BUT IN A NEARBY
TREE WE FIND AN UNINVITED OBSERVER!

WE'D BETTER
HURRY! IT'S
GOING TO
RAIN!

HMMM...THE HEAD OF THAT
TURBAN KITE AND THE
MIDDLE BUTTON OF THE
HARLEQUIN ARE PRETTY BIG!
I'LL USE MY
X-RAY VISION
ON THEM!

AND THE MARVELOUS PENETRATING
GAZE OF **SUPERBOY** SHOWS...

WELL! A TIME CLOCK
MECHANISM SET TO CUT
THE STRING- AND
OTHER GADGETS!
BUT WHY-?

GEE-
AREN'T
THEY
BEAUTIES?

I'LL BET
THEY'LL GO
HIGHER THAN
THE CLOUDS!

GRACEFULLY, THE FANTASTIC KITES COURT
THE LOWERING CLOUDS-UNTIL, SUDDENLY,
A DELICATE MECHANISM CLICKS IN ONE
OF THEM, AND...

INSTEAD OF FALLING, HOWEVER, THE KITE
SOARS SKYWARD AS CHEMICALS, MIXED
IN A TUBE, FORM AN EXPANDING GAS WHICH
FILLS THE DOUBLE THICKNESS OF ITS
COVERING!



SENSING TROUBLE, SUPERBOY STREAKS SKYWARD...

WHAT! HOW DID HE GET IN ON THIS?

LOOK! SUPERBOY

AGAIN, A PLANE APPEARS - THIS TIME ABOVE THE CLOUDS, HIDDEN FROM EARTHLY WATCHERS!

OH, OH - THE SAME PLANE! I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND...

ABRUPTLY - A MACHINE GUN CHATTERS...

MACHINE GUNS! IF THEY WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, THEY'LL FIND OUT I CAN DO MORE HARM THAN THEY!

I'LL RIP OUT THE MAGNETO! THEN HE'LL HAVE TO LAND!

I'LL BE ON HAND FOR THE LANDING - BUT FIRST I'LL SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE GANG!

RAIN BEGINS TO FALL - BUT THAT IS NOT ALL THAT DAMPENS THE SPIRITS OF HOKE AND PEDRO!

WHY DID SUPER-BOY HAVE TO BUTT IN JUST AS WE WERE GETTING OUR SYSTEM PERFECTED?

STOP CRYING, AND HELP ME HAUL IN THE OTHER KITE - AND HOPE HE NEVER CATCHES THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY!



OUTA THE WAY!
WE'RE NOT PLAYIN'
ANY LONGER!

HUH-?
HE'S GOT A GUN-
JUST LIKE A CROOK!
I'M GOING HOME!



YOU AIN'T GOIN'
NOWHERE-
NONE O' YA- TILL
WE HAVE AN
UNDERSTANDIN'!

LOOK OUT, OR
SUPERBOY WILL
LAND ON YOU LIKE A
STREAK OF
LIGHTNING!



LIGHTNING? LOOK SKYWARD-THERE
HIDDEN BY A CURTAIN OF RAIN...

I CAN SEE THEM EVEN
IF THEY CAN'T SEE ME! AND
THEY'RE GOING TO GET A
BIGGER SHOCK THAN FRANKLIN
DID WHEN HE EXPERIMENTED
WITH LIGHTNING AND A KITE!
NOW TO SPIN THE
MAGNETO...



AND A BOLT FROM
THE HEAVENS STRIKES-

GEE-
THAT FLASH
KNOCKED 'EM
COLD!



MEANWHILE...

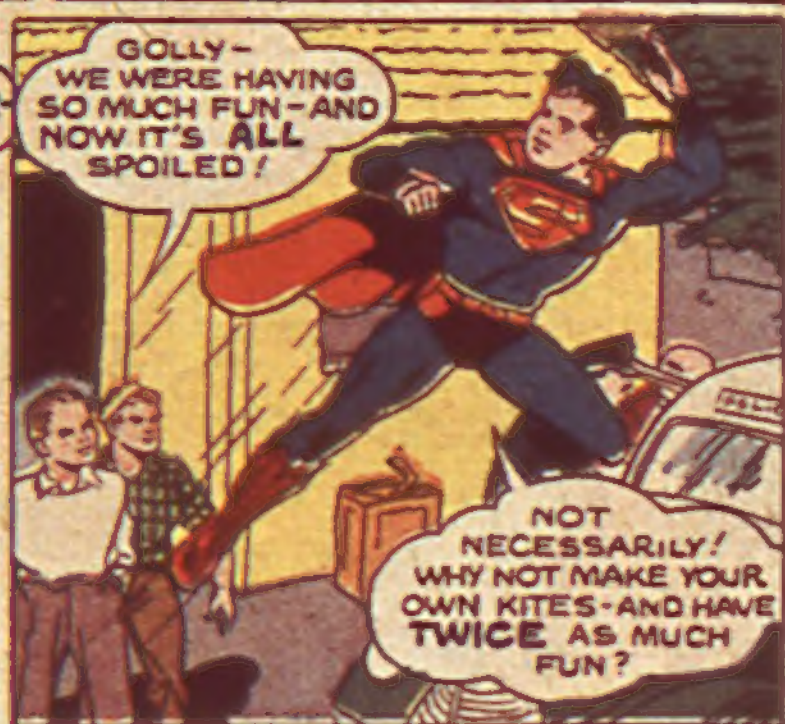
THE PILOT
MUST BE
PRETTY WORRIED
BY NOW! I'D BETTER
SOFTEN HIS
LANDING!



I GIVE UP!

SUPERBOY!
WHAT'S THIS?

A PRISONER
FOR YOU OFFICERS
AND I'LL TAKE YOU
TO ANOTHER PAIR
AS SOON AS YOU
LOCK THIS ONE
UP!



AQUAMAN



WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE—AND AQUAMAN DARE NOT TOUCH IT! IN EVERY LIQUID DROP OF *AQUA PURA* THERE IS DEADLY DANGER TO HIM. FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, HE MUST REMAIN FAR FROM WATER, AND DURING THAT TIME—
WELL, HIS DEADLY RIVAL, BLACK JACK, BEGINS A CAMPAIGN TO LINE HIS POCKETS AND ELIMINATE AQUAMAN WITHOUT EVEN SO MUCH AS A WARNING—

“WARE WATER!”

IN THE OFFICE OF A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD...

YOU SAY YOU SHOT YOURSELF ACCIDENTALLY? THEN YOU HAVE NO OBJECTIONS TO MY REPORTING THE BULLET WOUND. THE POLICE REQUIRE IT—

OBJECTIONS? YOU BET I HAVE!

I DON'T WANT NO COPS LEARNING ABOUT THIS!

SORRY, THEN, I CAN'T HELP YOU. NEXT PATIENT!



GULP! AQUAMAN!

COME IN, AQUAMAN! WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU LOOK PRETTY HEALTHY!

I DON'T FEEL RIGHT, DOCTOR.

HAVE YOU BEEN NEAR URANIUM LATELY, AQUAMAN?

NO, I --- HOLD ON! MY LAST CASE OCCURRED IN WATERS THAT WERE RADIOACTIVELY TREATED.

THAT'S IT, THEN. THE RADIOACTIVE EMANATIONS HAVE DISTURBED CERTAIN SKIN-BALANCES. YOU MUST AVOID WATER COMPLETELY!

AVOID WATER? ME?

THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT UNLESS WATER TOUCHES YOUR SKIN IN THE NEXT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

IF IT'S THAT DANGEROUS, I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW YOUR ADVICE, OF COURSE!

WELL, WHAT DO YA KNOW ABOUT THAT? AQUAMAN AND WATER CAN'T GET TOGETHER!

TEN BLOCKS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER....

BLACK JACK, HAVE I GOT NEWS! IT OUGHTTA BE WORTH A CENTURY NOTE TO YOU!

LUFF ABOUT, MAN. LET'S HAVE IT!

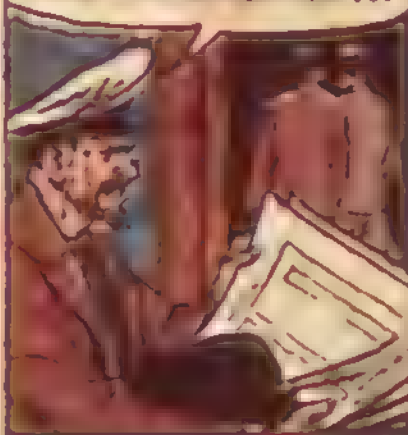
-SO AQUAMAN DASNT GET TOUCHED BY WATER FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS!

SHIVER MY TIMBERS! LET'S HOIST SAIL AND TRAVEL WITHOUT DELAY! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR!

YOU LANDLUBBERS SCAT
OVER TO THAT DOC'S
PLACE AND TRAIL
AQUAMAN. LET ME
KNOW WHICH WAY
HE'S GOIN'!



THESE ARE THE
PLANS FOR THE
VOLPLANE FACTORY.
THEY GOT CASH ON
HAND FOR A PAYROLL.
I'M GOING TO
COMBINE BUSINESS
AND PLEASURE...



AS AQUAMAN LEAVES...

HE'S GOIN' RIGHT WHERE
BLACK JACK WANTS HIM
TO. LEMME OUT AT
THE NEXT CORNER
AND I'LL MAKE A CALL.



HE'S ON THAT LONG ROAD
THAT LEADS PAST THE
VOLPLANE FACTORY.
THERE AIN'T NO TURNS
ON IT - RIGHT!



IT WILL BE HARD NOT ENTERING
THE WATER FOR A SWIM, BUT I
GUESS I CAN STAND IT
FOR FORTY-EIGHT
HOURS...



HELP! THE WATER PRESSURE
TANKS ARE BURSTING.
WATER IS COVERING
THE WHOLE
FLOOR...



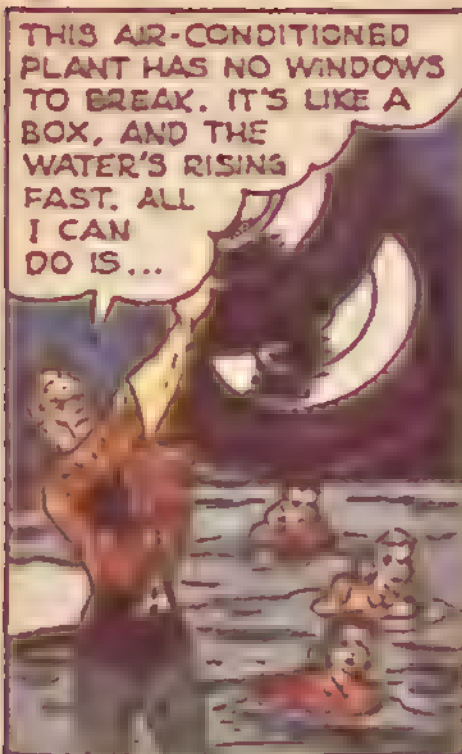
I'LL BE
RIGHT IN TO
HELP... OH!
OH! WATER!

AQUAMAN!
THANK
HEAVENS!

HURRY.
THE WATER
IS RISING
FAST!

WHAT
CAN I
DO?





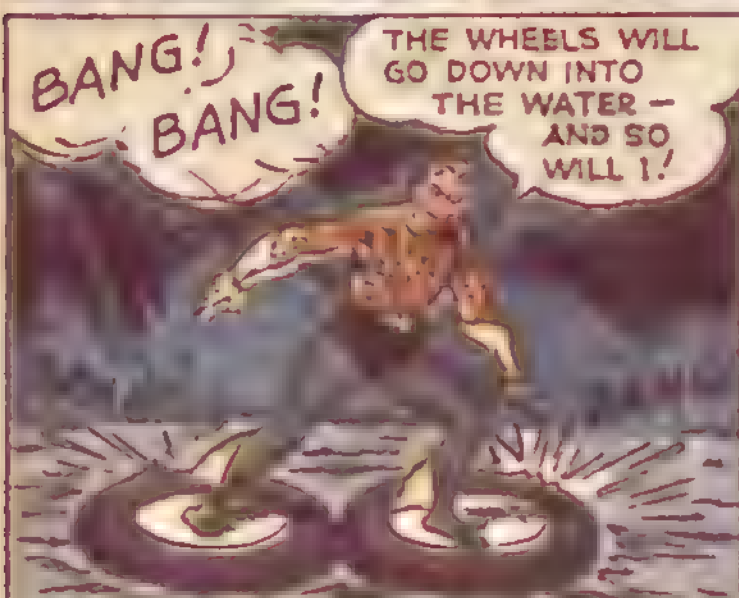
THIS AIR-CONDITIONED PLANT HAS NO WINDOWS TO BREAK. IT'S LIKE A BOX, AND THE WATER'S RISING FAST. ALL I CAN DO IS...



.... MOVE THESE WITH MY FEET AND TUG THE GIRLS TO THE DOOR!



HAW! HAW! WHY NOT TRY A LITTLE SWIM, AQUAMAN?



BANG!
BANG!

THE WHEELS WILL GO DOWN INTO THE WATER — AND SO WILL I!



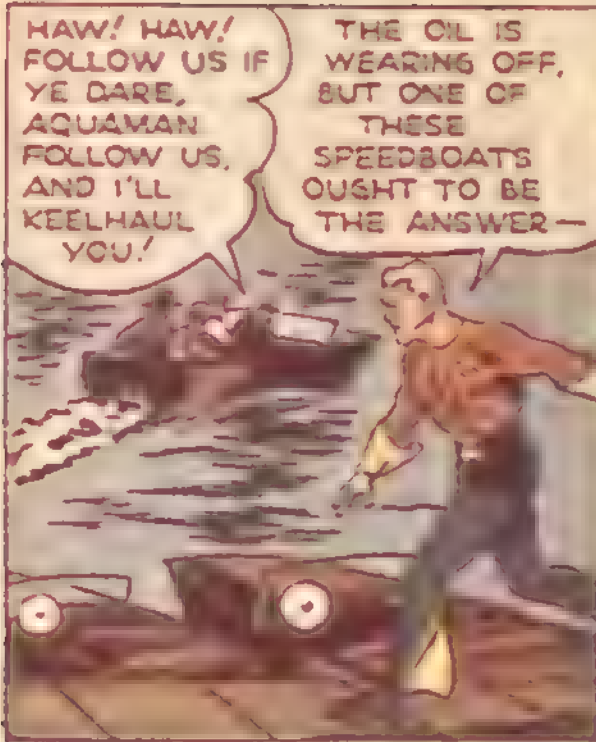
MY ONLY CHANCE IS A GOOD JUMP —



OIL IS WATER-RESISTANT. IF I GET COATED WITH IT, NO WATER CAN TOUCH MY SKIN...

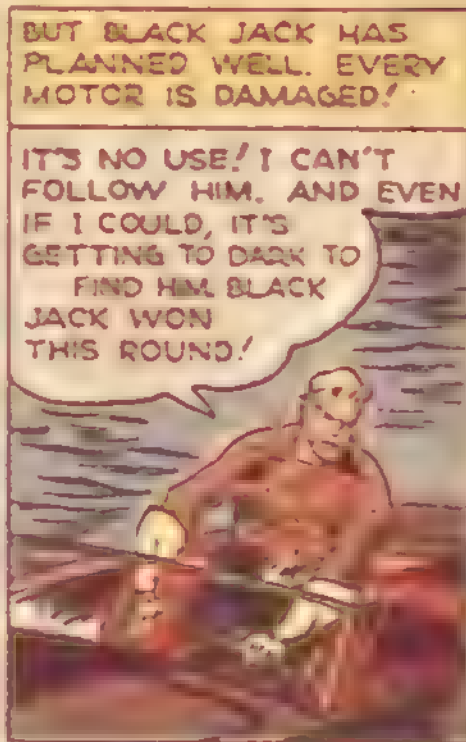


I OUGHT TO FURNISH A PLEASANT SURPRISE TO BLACK JACK ...



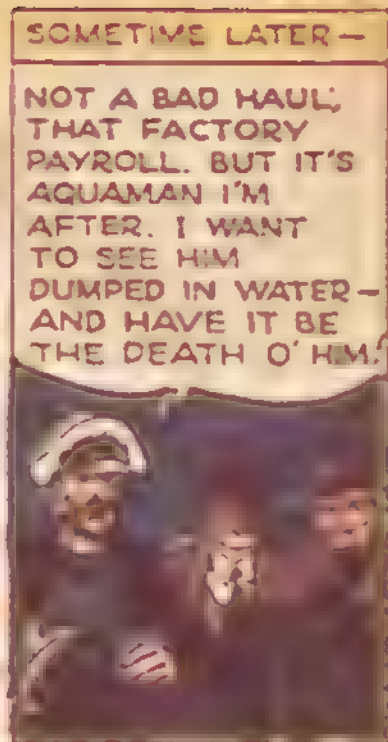
HAW! HAW!
FOLLOW US IF
YE DARE,
AQUAMAN
FOLLOW US,
AND I'LL
KEELHAUL
YOU!

THE OIL IS
WEARING OFF,
BUT ONE OF
THESE
SPEEDBOATS
OUGHT TO BE
THE ANSWER—



BUT BLACK JACK HAS
PLANNED WELL. EVERY
MOTOR IS DAMAGED!

IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T
FOLLOW HIM. AND EVEN
IF I COULD, IT'S
GETTING TO DARK TO
FIND HIM. BLACK
JACK WON
THIS ROUND!

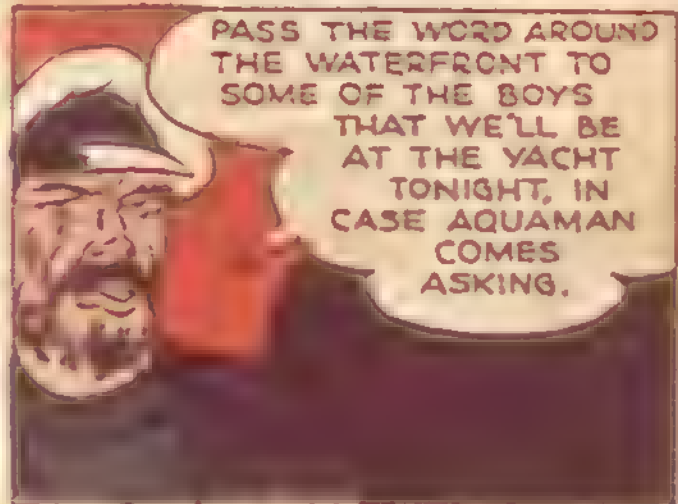


SOMETIME LATER—

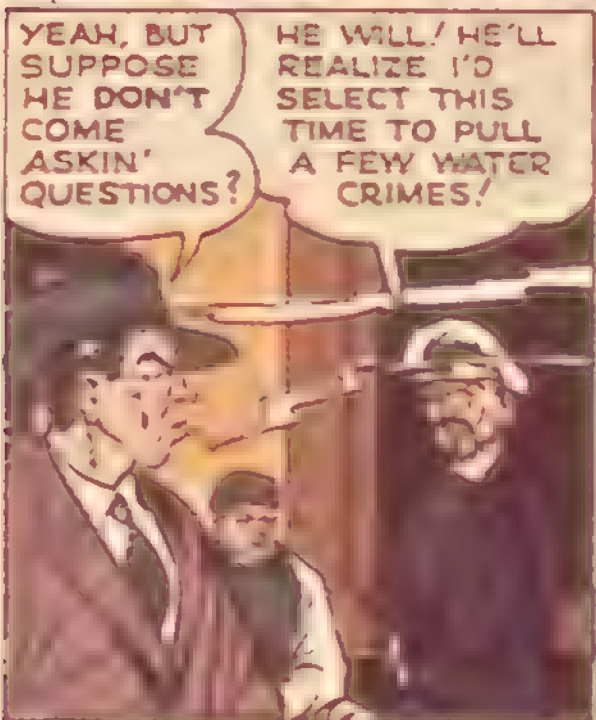
NOT A BAD HAUL,
THAT FACTORY
PAYROLL. BUT IT'S
AQUAMAN I'M
AFTER. I WANT
TO SEE HIM
DUMPED IN WATER—
AND HAVE IT BE
THE DEATH O' HIM!



I SEE WHERE J. P. MORTAR IS
THROWING A SHINDIG ON HIS
YACHT. THAT OUGHT TO BE
FOR US — AND
AQUAMAN.....



PASS THE WORD AROUND
THE WATERFRONT TO
SOME OF THE BOYS
THAT WE'LL BE
AT THE YACHT
TONIGHT, IN
CASE AQUAMAN
COMES
ASKING.



YEAH, BUT
SUPPOSE
HE DON'T
COME
ASKIN'
QUESTIONS?

HE WILL! HE'LL
REALIZE I'D
SELECT THIS
TIME TO PULL
A FEW WATER
CRIMES!



THAT NIGHT, EVEN AS BLACK JACK HAS
PROPHESED —

YOU LOOKIN' FER
BLACK JACK? I
KNOW WHERE
HE IS.

WERE YOU SENT
TO LEAD ME
INTO A TRAP?

IT AIN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL: I GOT A BRIDGE AGAINST BLACK JACK-

WELL, I CAN'T AFFORD TO PASS UP ANY POSSIBILITIES. I'LL ROW OUT THERE TO MAKE SURE.

HERE HE COMES NOW!

WE'RE TO LET HIM GO RIGHT ON AHEAD. BLACK JACK IS WAITIN' FOR HIM!

LOOKS AS THOUGH THAT TIP WAS RIGHT. BLACK JACK'S BOYS ARE HARD AT WORK-AND NOT A DROP OF WATER IN SIGHT-

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK...!

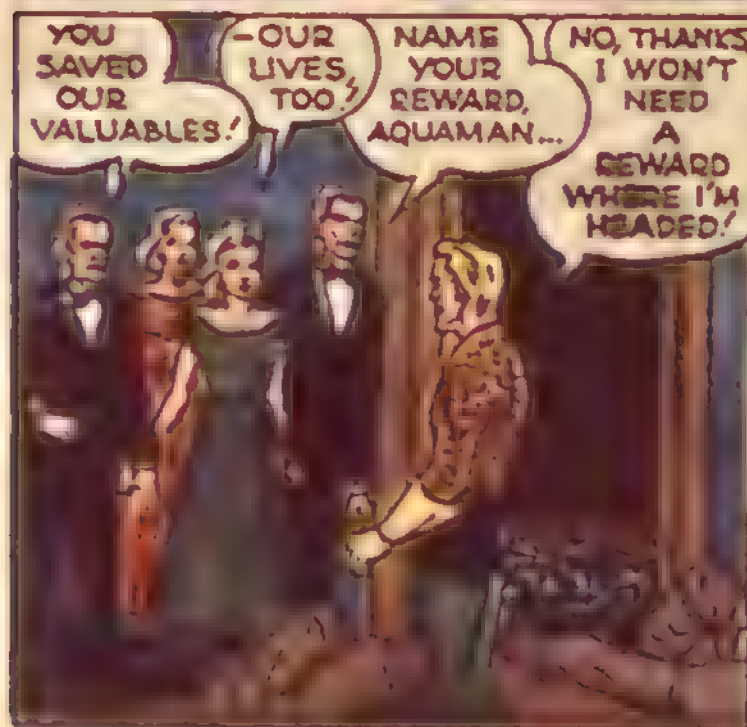
OOOPS-BETTER MAKE TRACKS BACKWARDS, FAST!

GOT TO SHUT OFF THE POWER THAT CONTROLS THE WATER PRESSURE FIRST...

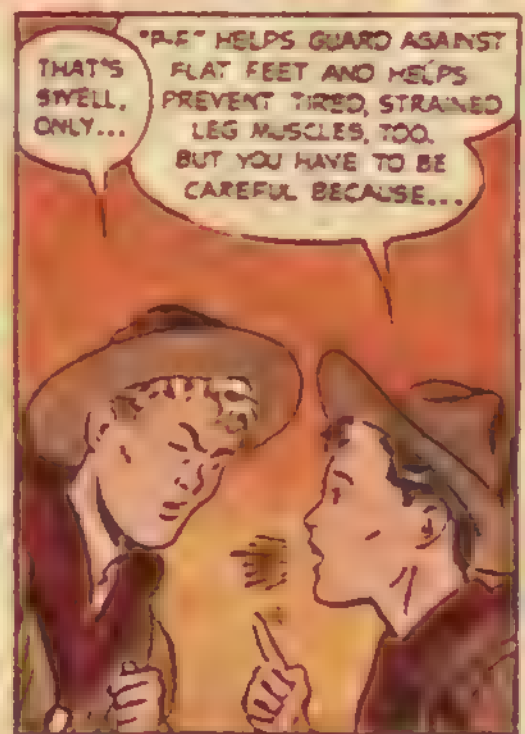
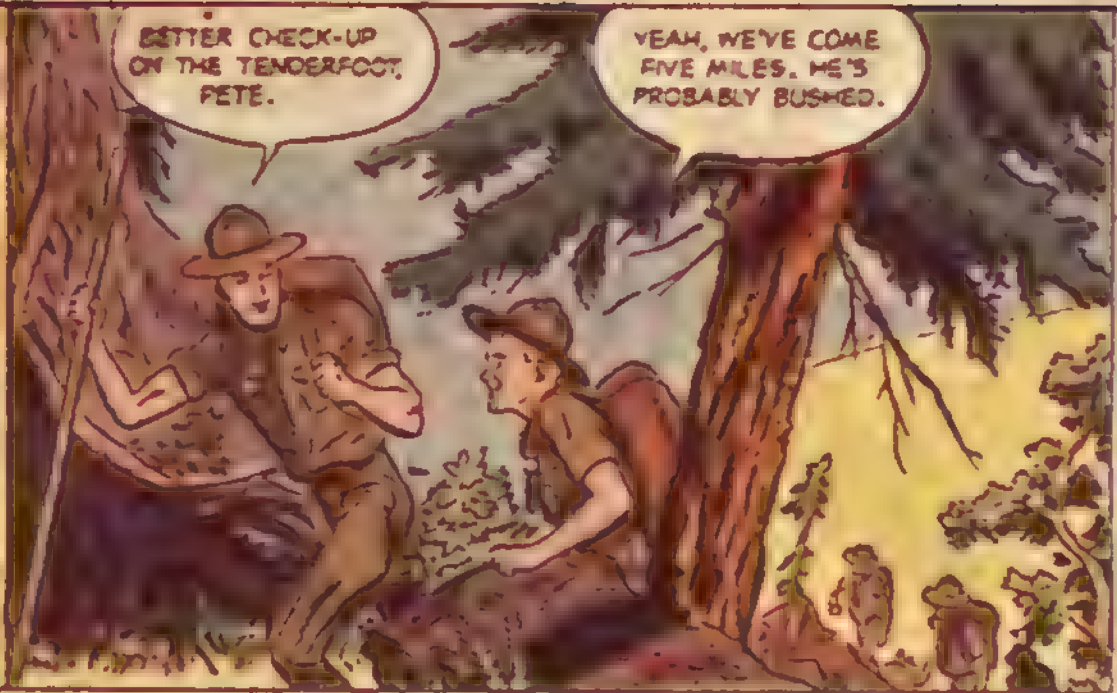
OH! OH! I CAN'T GET TO THAT SWITCH WITHOUT STEPPING IN WATER. BLACK JACK PLANNED THIS RIGHT. HE LETS ME COME ON BOARD-BUT I'M HELPLESS TO STOP HIM.

BUT IF I CAN FIND WHAT I WANT....THERE MAY BE A CHANCE YET. NO ROPE FOR A LASSO. ONLY SOME STRING AND - THAT'S IT!

WATER PRESSURE



**TENDER-
FOOT**
HIS
FEET
WEREN'T
SO
TENDER



HOW "P-F" STEPS UP STAYING POWER

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS
THE BONES OF THE FOOT
IN THEIR NATURAL,
NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER
CUSHION PROTECTS THE
SENSITIVE AREA
OF THE FOOT.

"PF"
MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION—
A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND
ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY
B. F. Goodrich or
HOOD RUBBER CO.

Stan Hack

HEAVY-HITTING, FANCY-FIELDING THIRD BASEMAN OF THE CHAMPION CHICAGO CUBS



HACK IS A THREE-WAY CHAMPION -- CHAMPION HITTER, CHAMPION FIELDER, AND CHAMPION BASE RUNNER. HE LED THE LEAGUE IN STOLEN BASES ONE SEASON, TIED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP ANOTHER SEASON

WE'RE GOING ON THE ROAD

HACK CAN THROW TOO!

IT'S AN IMPORTANT GAME!

"THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO LEAD OFF THE DAY IS WITH A BIG BREAKFAST," SAYS FAMOUS LEAD-OFF MAN HACK, "STARTING WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' WHEATIES ARE NOURISHING AND SWELL EATING. I LIKE FLAVOR IN MY BREAKFAST. THAT'S WHY I HAVE WHEATIES AT HOME AND ON THE ROAD."

A 14-CARAT CHAMPION, HACK PLAYS HIS BEST WHEN IT COUNTS THE MOST. HIS BATTING AVERAGE IN 4 WORLD'S SERIES: .355 HIS SLUGGING AVERAGE IN 4 ALL-STAR GAMES: .400

LOOK FOR ME ON PAGE 19

STAN HACK IS ANOTHER OF 24 BIG-LEAGUE STARS FEATURED IN WHEATIES NEW BASEBALL BOOK. WATCH YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" (THE OFFENSIVE GAME) BY ETHAN ALLEN. BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY!



Johnny Quick

and his
MAGIC
FORMULA

I SHOULD
HAVE THE
SITUATION WELL
UNDER CONTROL
BY THIS TIME,
ACCORDING
TO CHAPTER
FIVE!

IT'S BAD ENOUGH WHEN MYSTERY BULLETS MENACE WORKMEN ON A WESTERN IRRIGATION PROJECT- BUT THINGS REALLY GET TOUGH WHEN TUBBY WATTS SETS OUT TO FOIL RESOURCEFUL KILLERS BY MEANS OF MENTAL POWERS THAT ARE WHOLLY IMAGINARY! JOHNNY QUICK HAS NEED OF ALL HIS PHENOMENAL SPEED AND A LOT OF OTHER THINGS BESIDES, AS HE DARTS THROUGH DESPERATE DANGERS TO RESCUE TUBBY FROM THE WRECKAGE OF A ROSY DREAM AND DISPEL...

"The NIGHTMARE of NICHOLAS NORWICH!"





IN AN ARID WESTERN VALLEY, JOHNNY CHAMBERS, NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN, RECORDS THE PROGRESS OF WORK ON A VAST IRRIGATION PROJECT . . .



ABRUPTLY—

I'VE STAKED MY PRIVATE FORTUNE AND MY REPUTATION AS A CONTRACTOR ON THIS JOB, AND—WHAT?

A RIFLE SHOT FROM UP ON THE MOUNTAIN! IT'S ANOTHER OF THOSE ATTEMPTS TO FRIGHTEN OFF YOUR WORKMEN!



ANOTHER SHOT—

CRACK!

THAT SHOT NEARLY GOT ME! I'M QUITTING RIGHT NOW!



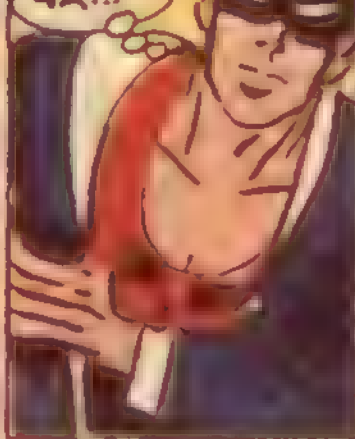
IT'S SUICIDE TO STAY HERE! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME IT'S HAPPENED!

WAIT! LISTEN TO ME!



JOHNNY CHAMBERS SHEDS HIS OUTER GARMENTS...

NICHOLAS NORWICH'S ARGUMENT CAN'T BEAT BULLETS, BUT MAYBE MY SECRET FORMULA CAN!... 3X2 (9YZ) 4A...



AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER, A GOLD-AND-CRIMSON FIGURE ROCKETS THROUGH THE AIR—JOHNNY QUICK!

HOLD IT! I'LL SEE IF I CAN ROUT OUT THOSE SNIPERS!



ONE OF THOSE BULLETS CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION—AND THERE'S ANOTHER!

WELL—IF IT ISN'T A SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE CLAMPED IN A VISE AND FIRED BY A CLOCKWORK MECHANISM!

SEIZING THE FIRST RIFLE, THE KING OF SPEED FINDS A SECOND ONE IN TIME TO DEFLECT ITS BULLET.

THESE SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONES.

MOMENTS LATER...

THE GUNS WERE FIXED TO FIRE THEMSELVES! THERE WAS NO CLUE TO WHOEVER PLANTED THEM!

BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA ABOUT IT!

IT WAS YOU, JACK SNEED! YOU'RE MY LARGEST SUB-CONTRACTOR AND COULD FINISH THE JOB WITH YOUR OWN EQUIPMENT, IF I SHOULD QUIT NOW!

YOU'RE CRAZY, NORWICH!

CRAZY, AM I? DIDN'T YOU ONCE SUGGEST WE COULD MAKE THE OWNERS OF THE PROPERTY IN THE VALLEY PAY THROUGH THE NOSE TO KEEP US FROM BLOWING UP WHAT WE BUILT?

YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING

IF YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE RIGHT, SNEED CAN MAKE LOTS OF TROUBLE!

I DREAMED OF DOING THE VALLEY AN UNSELFISH SERVICE—BUT THE DREAM IS TURNING INTO A NIGHTMARE.

AS THE DAY'S WORK ENDS, WE FIND ANOTHER DREAMER HARD AT IT!

A FINE THING, LOAFING ALL DAY AND LETTING ME DO ALL THE WORK.

MMMM...

JOHNNY QUICK HAD A JOB TO DO-AND BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T AROUND, THERE WAS NO ONE TO TAKE PICTURES.

IT SAYS HERE, 'YOU POSSESS VAST UNCONSCIOUS POWERS BY WHICH, IF YOU COULD ONLY USE THEM, YOU COULD PERFORM MIRACLES.'

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHAT YOU'RE GETTING PAID FOR, ANYWAY!

'YOU ARE THE MASTER OF YOUR FATE! YOU MUST LET NO ONE PUSH YOU AROUND-'

HUH? ARE YA ADDRESSIN' ME, MY GOOD MAN?

YOU DON'T APPRECIATE MY VAST UNCONSCIOUS POWERS! I MUST REQUEST YA KINDLY NOT TO BUTT IN ON MY MOMENTS O' MENTAL CONCENTRATION.

ARE YOU KIDDING?

I AM THE MASTER O' MY FATE! YA CAN'T SHOVE ME AROUND! GO ROLL A HOOP!

GRACIOUS TO BETSY-OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT!

AHA! I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! HE'S BEEN READING THIS STUFF... I'D BETTER TAG ALONG AFTER HIM BEFORE HE GETS INTO TROUBLE.

YOU, TOO, CAN BE MASTERFUL



AT ABOUT THIS TIME, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

OKAY, NORWICH— THIS TIME WE'RE MAKIN' SURE YA DON'T FINISH THE JOB.

WHAT'S THIS?..



BEAT IT, YA RATS, BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

HUH?... SUFFERIN' CATS, PETE— RUN, FAST!



TUBBY HAS HIS FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO PUT HIS NEWLY- DISCOVERED MASTERY TO USE.

YOU WOULDN'T DARE KILL ME!

OH, OH! LEMME OUTA HERE!... BUT WHAT AM I SAYIN'? AINT I GOT ALL THEM UNCONSCIOUS POWERS FOR WORKIN' MIRACLES?



WHILE TUBBY TAKES THE CREDIT, I'LL TAKE A SHORT- CUT AND INTERVIEW THOSE RATS!

WHAT BRAVERY! LOOK AT THEM RUN! AND —YOU AREN'T EVEN ARMED!



IT'S NOTHIN', PAL! MIRACLES COME NATURAL TO ME!

YOU'RE EXACTLY THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR TO RUN OFF THE CROOKS WHO ARE TRYING TO SABOTAGE THIS PROJECT!

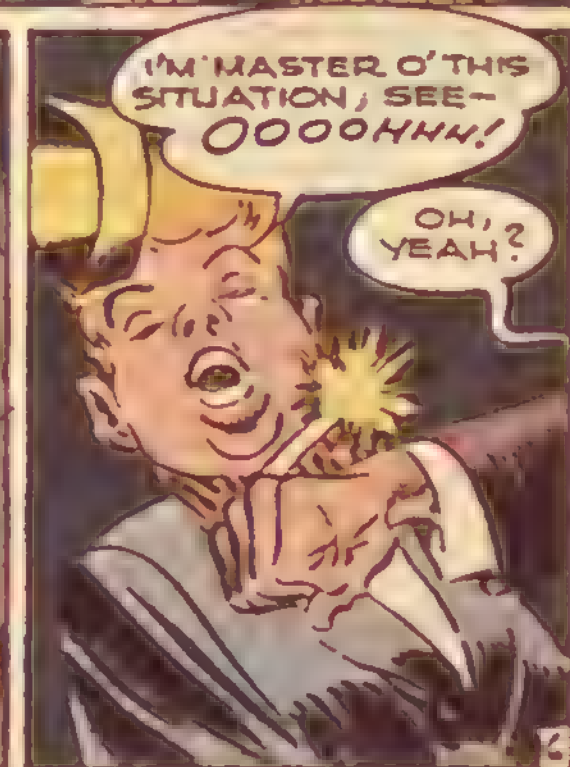
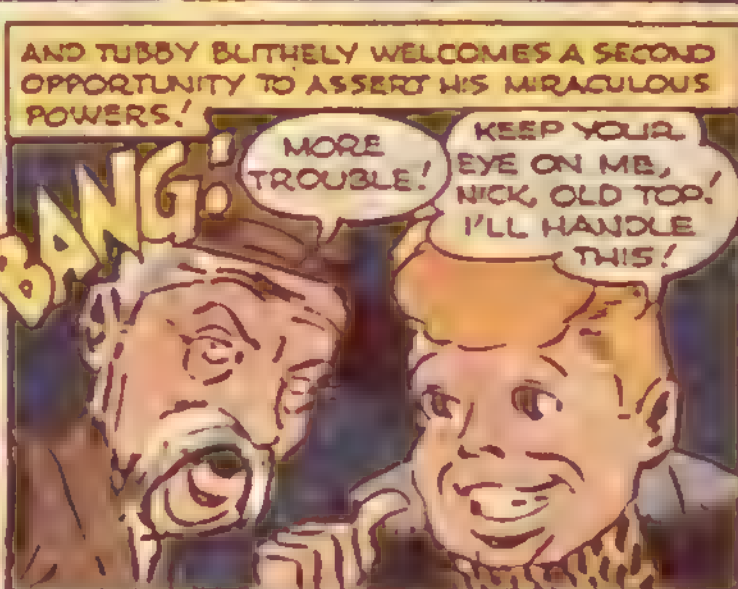
I'M GLAD SOMEBODY APPRECIATES ME! A HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY, AND IT'S A DEAL!



I'LL PAY IT GLADLY IF YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN PUT AN END TO MY DIFFICULTIES!

YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, CHUM! LEAVE EVERY- THIN' TO ME!







SOUND TIGHTLY,
THE CAPTIVES
ARE TAKEN
TO THE HALF-
FINISHED
AQUEDUCT,
AND —

OH, MY!
OH, MY!
SOMETHIN'
MUSTA GONE
WRONG!

THEY'RE
ALL IN,
BOSS!

CLOSE THE COVER AND START
THE DRUM CHURNING. NOW
WE'LL GO UP THE MOUNTAIN
AND BLOW THE DAM — AND THE
WATER WILL WASH AWAY
WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM,
IF ANYTHING!

HAW, HAW!

A FINE MIRACLE-
WORKER YOU
TURNED OUT TO
BE, WATTS!

D'YA HAVE
TO RUB IT IN,
NORWICH?
OUCH!

WH-
WHERE AM
I?... GREAT
SCOTT-TIME
I WAS MOVING,
AND I DON'T
MEAN SLOWLY!

HEY!
WHAT'RE
YA DOIN'
WITH THAT
STONE,
JOHNNY?

BUT JOHNNY BEGINS SPINNING
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED.

HE'S DRILL-
ING A HOLE
THROUGH THE
LID!

SECONDS LATER..

MADE
IT!

MY HEAD HURTS!
MY BACK HURTS! MY FEET
HURT! THERE AIN'T ANY PLACE
WHERE I DON'T HURT!

PAY NO ATTEN-
TION, CHUM. USE
YOUR UNCONSCIOUS
POWERS TO SLOTT
OUT THE
PAIN!



AN INSTANT LATER...

THEY'VE BLOWN OUT THE WALL OF THE RESERVOIR!

GOLLY-THE WATER WILL ROLL RIGHT DOWN OVER US, AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO CLIMB OUT!

HERE COMES THE FLOOD! QUICK-GET IN THAT TENT!

BUT IT AIN'T LIKE A SHOWER, JOHNNY! HOW'S THE TENT GONNA HELP US?

INSIDE THE TENT-

NEVER MIND!

SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW HIM, THE MONARCH OF MOTION DARTS, CREATING MOLECULAR FRICTION WITHIN THE TENT.

HE'S JUST A BLUR! INCREDIBLE!

YEAH-AND ALSO POINTLESS, IF YA ASK ME!

JUST GRAB THE STAKE ROPES AT THE BOTTOM-

-AND HOLD ON TIGHT!

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE CANVAS FILLS WITH THE HOT, EXPANDING AIR -

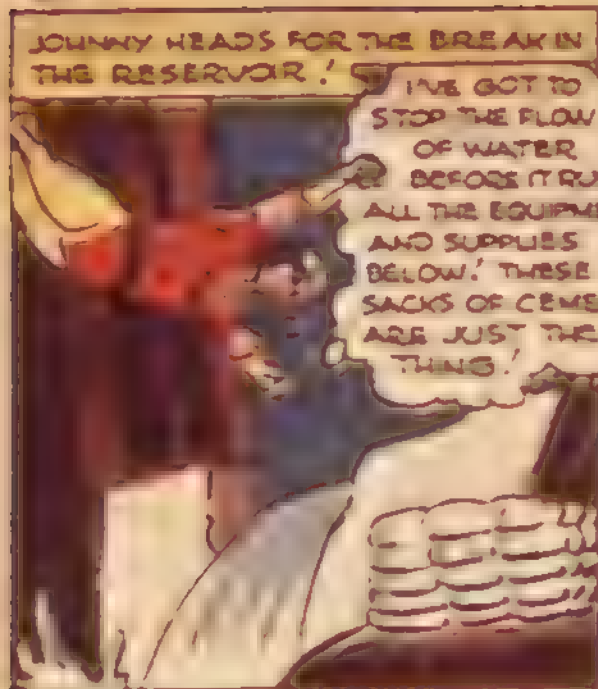
I'M COOKIN', IT'S SO WARM!

BUT LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING!

SUDDENLY, THE TENT SOARS UPWARD-TRANSFORMED INTO A HOT-AIR BALLOON!

MY FOOT'S CAUGHT! AND HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO GET DOWN?

IT WILL DESCEND SLOWLY AS THE AIR COOLS, TUBBY-AND YOU'LL LAND HEAD-FIRST, SO NO HARM WILL BE DONE!



JOHNNY HEADS FOR THE BREAK IN THE RESERVOIR!

I'VE GOT TO STOP THE FLOW OF WATER BEFORE IT RUNS ALL THE EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES BELOW! THESE SACKS OF CEMENT ARE JUST THE THING!



THE CEMENT WILL... HARDEN... AND...

SEAL THE BREAK...

... PERMANENTLY!



AS THE FLOOD SUBSIDES TO A TRICKLE AND CEASES... AND THE TENT BALLOON FLOATS GENTLY TO EARTH—

NOW'S OUR LAST CHANCE, BOYS! SHOOT FAST—AND DON'T MISS ANY OF THEM!



SOMEONE'S SHOOTING!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!



TUBBY AND NORWICH ARE PERFECT TARGETS—BUT A DUST-SCREEN WILL HIDE THEM!



AND IF THE DUST GETS IN THEIR EYES, WHAT COULD BE BETTER?

I CAN'T—(COUGH)—SEE!

JOHNNY SWOOPS INTO THE RESERVOIR AND OUT AGAIN, AND TAILS A COLUMN OF WATER AFTER HIM...

GREAT CAESAR-WATER!

AND SINCE I GOT THEM ALL WET, IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT I SHOULD DRY THEM OUT!

THE CEMENT IS GETTIN' HARD! I CAN'T MOVE!

THEY CAN BREATHE, BUT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ELSE TILL SOMEBODY OPERATES ON THEM WITH A CHISEL!

I'LL LEAVE THAT FOR THE SHERIFF! I EXPECT SNEED WILL BE SURROUNDED BY CONCRETE, REINFORCED WITH STEEL BARS - FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.

AS FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR ENDING MY TROUBLES! HOWEVER, SINCE YOU'VE ALREADY QUIT YOUR JOB WITH JOHNNY CHAMBERS, I WON'T FIRE YOU!

BUT I TELL YA, SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG!

I'LL MERELY CUT YOUR PAY TO THE REGULAR STARTING RATE AND PUT YOU TO WORK WITH A WHEEL BARROW!

BUT THINK O' MY FIGGER!

OF COURSE, I MIGHT TALK JOHNNY CHAMBERS INTO TAKING YOU BACK, PROVIDING YOU'RE ALL OVER THIS MASTER-MIND STUFF!

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN, PAL! AS FOR MY MIND--

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MY HEAD'S AS EMPTY AS MY STUMMICK!

U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



TRAPPING THE HIJACKERS!



DEPUTY "U.S." ROYAL, SPONSOR OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB, GETS AN EMERGENCY CALL...

C'MON, FELLOWS!
WE'RE OFF TO TRAP
SOME HIJACKERS!

HERE'S A CHANCE
TO USE YOUR
JET-PROPELLED
BIKE!

THAT NIGHT, BEING THE HIGHWAY...

THERE ARE
THE HIJACKERS
... WAITING
IN AMBUSH!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
YOU FELLOWS GET
SOME ROPE
WHILE I TRIM
A SAPLING!

O.K. ! NOW WE TIE
IT ACROSS THE
HANDLEBARS!

AND THEN...

CRASH

LATER...

YOU BOYS HAVE DONE A
GREAT JOB. WE'VE BEEN
AFTER THESE CROOKS FOR MONTHS!

FELLOWS, HERE'S A TIP!
"U.S." BIKE TIRES, WITH THE
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, WON'T
FAIL YOU IN THE TIGHT
SPOTS! THEY'RE
FAVORITES IN OUR
BIKE CLUB!

NEXT ISSUE --
"U.S." SAVES THE WARDEN'S DAUGHTER!

THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
GIVES ME "ON-THE-SPOT" STOPS
... SAYS
"U.S." ROYAL!

"Your bike comes alive in the spring when you're riding on U.S. Bike Tires. You'll get plenty of pep even on wet slippery surfaces, because "U.S." holds the road with perfect balance, sure traction. That built-in chain design is a rapid fire stopper too, and tests show that, for more tread mileage, U.S. is tops."

U.S.

BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Serving Through Science

THE SHINING KNIGHT



AS WE ALL KNOW, THE SHINING KNIGHT CAME TO OUR CENTURY FROM KING ARTHUR'S TIME. SOMETIMES, HE GETS LONELY FOR KING ARTHUR'S COURT AND WONDERS IF THE KNIGHTS THERE MISS HIM AS MUCH AS HE MISSES THEM. HE THINKS ABOUT MERLIN, THE MAGICIAN, AND WONDERS HOW THAT BEARDED SORCERER IS MAKING OUT—AND HE GETS AN AMAZING ANSWER WHEN TIME'S WIRES CROSS TO COMBINE...

**"MAGIC
and the
MOBSTER!"**

NIGHT TIME, AND SIR JUSTIN GIRDs FOR COMBAT....

THE POLICE HAVE ASKED MY AID IN PLACING THE TAVERN TERROR GANG IN DURANCE VILE, AND—GULP!

THAT VASE—IT DISAPPEARED! I—I MUST BE ILL.....





NO, MY TEMPERATURE IS NORMAL, AND MY EYES SEE OTHER THINGS QUITE CLEARLY-



MY-MY MAGIC SWORD, TOO! IT FADES BEFORE MY EYES!



I'LL MOUNT VICTORY AND RIDE BEFORE I HAVE ANY MORE HALLUCINATIONS!



WHAT! VICTORY IS FADING ALSO!



WHAT IS THE EXPLANATION OF THESE STRANGE HAPPENINGS? LET US GO BACK INTO THE FAR DISTANT PAST AND LOOK IN ON A QUEERLY GARBED FORM BENDING OVER A BUBBLING CAULDRON, AND STARING AND MUTTERING.....

I CONJURE THE MISTS OF THE FUTURE TO RISE! LET THE PRESENT AND FUTURE JOIN-



THE VASE I KNOW NOT, BUT THE SWORD! 'TIS SIR JUSTIN'S, INDEED! I AM GETTING CLOSER --



HAST CONTACTED SIR JUSTIN, O WISE MERLIN?

NOT YET, KING ARTHUR. BUT SOON, I HOPE!



'TIS LONG SINCE I SENT HIM ON A MISSION. HE HATH DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!

IF ANY CAN FIND HIM, I CAN. BUT MY INCANTATIONS TAKE TIME AND MONEY. HERBS ARE HARD TO COME BY.

HOUR AFTER HOUR, FAR INTO THE NIGHT. THEN —

THE WINGED HORSE, VICTORY! TRULY, I AM GETTING NEARER AND NEARER...

UNTIL JUST BEFORE DAWN, THE OLD MAGICIAN, TIRED OUT, STUTTERS AND PRO- NOUNCES THE WRONG WORD.

AN ERROR! I AM NOT DRAWING ANYTHING BACK—SOMETHING IS DRAWING ME FORWARD!

MAGIC SWORD GONE! VIC- TORY GONE! INDEED, I MIGHT AS WELL BE GONE MYSELF! I— I CAN BE OF NO HELP TO THE POLICE!

I DREAM! TRULY, 'TIS MERLIN HIMSELF THAT MY EYES BEHOLD! AND VICTORY! AND MY TRUSTY BLADE!

NO DREAM, SIR JUSTIN! INSTEAD OF YOU COMING TO ME AS I PLANNED, I CAME TO YOU!

BUT LET US BE OFF! KING ARTHUR DE- SIRES TO SEE THEE!

BUT MERLIN— THIS IS 1946! CENTURIES AFTER KING ARTHUR'S TIME!

A DRAGON! OUT SWORD, SIR KNIGHT!

HO! HO! 'TIS NO DRAGON BUT A CHARIOT CALLED AN AUTOMOBILE THAT TRAVELS WITH THE SPEED OF A HUNDRED HORSES!

BUT I WASTE TIME. I MUST CAPTURE SOME EVIL-DOERS, MERLIN. CAREST THOU TO JOIN ME?

I DO, INDEED. BUT WAIT...

I NEED HENBANE AND SASSAFRASS, A LITTLE FOXGLOVE—

NO USE IN THAT, MERLIN. IN THIS DAY, CROOKS STRIKE FAST.



I AM HERE, CHIEF ARE YE CERTAIN THAT THE TAVERN TERRORS WILL STRIKE TONIGHT?

THE UNDERWORLD KNOWS NEARLY ALL OF MY MEN ARE LAID UP WITH THE FLU. MY TERRITORY IS LONELY, OUT HERE IN THE SUBURBS!

I CAN'T BORROW MEN FROM THE TOWNS BECAUSE OF LEGAL TECHNICALITIES. YOU ARE MY ONLY HOPE, SHINING KNIGHT, THAT'S WHY I ADVERTISED FOR YOU.



THIS GANG ROBS ONLY ROADHOUSES AND TAVERNS THAT ARE SITUATED IN LONELY SPOTS

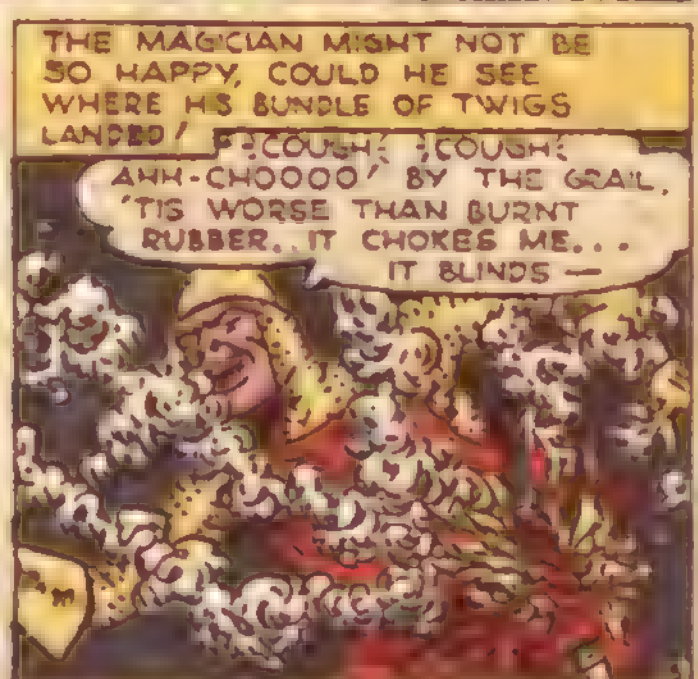
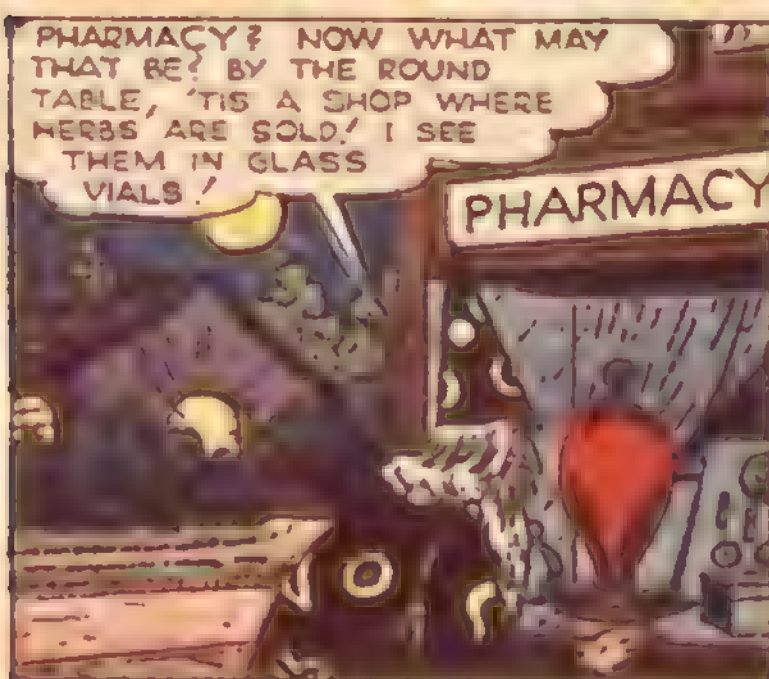
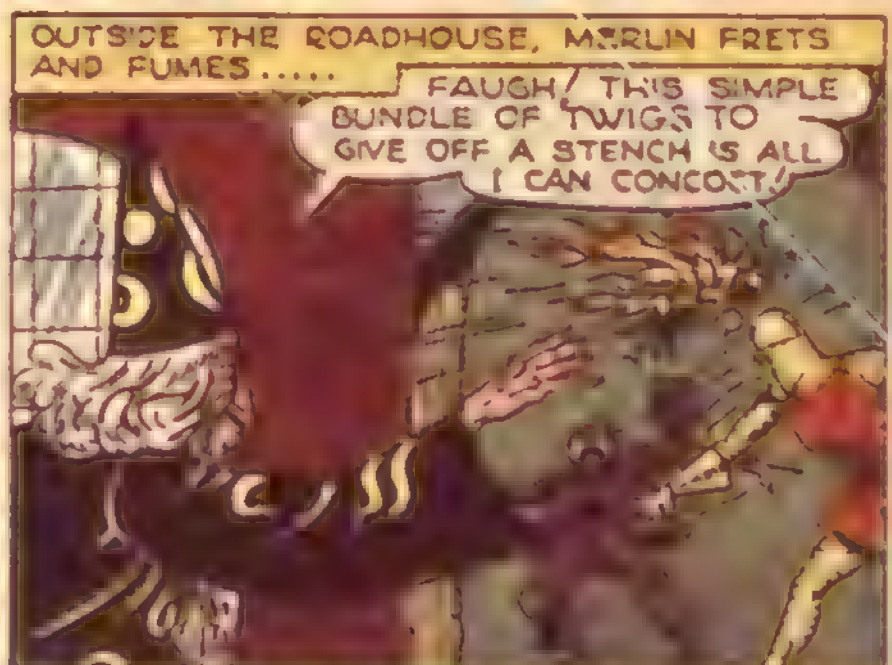
DEAR, DEAR THIS WILL NEVER DO. NO HENBANE, NO CROAK OF FROG, NO THISTLE! HOW MAY I EVER HELP SIR JUSTIN?

MAYHAP THESE ARE THE VARLETS NOW!



AHA!







I DUNNO WHO THREW THAT THING, BUT HE SURE WAS A FAL!

WHAT A BREAK!



QUICK - IN HERE!

YEAH, WE CAN HIDE FOR A WHILE!



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, GRAN-POP!

I AM MER-LIN THE MAGICIAN, THE SAGE! I AM BREWING A SPECIAL ENCHANTMENT TO CATCH WICKED MEN!



HA! HA! A NUT!

HERE, TAKE THIS CHEWING GUM. CHEW ON IT FOR TEN MINUTES AND YOU CAN MAKE A WISH!

MAGIC GUM? I SHALL TRY IT!



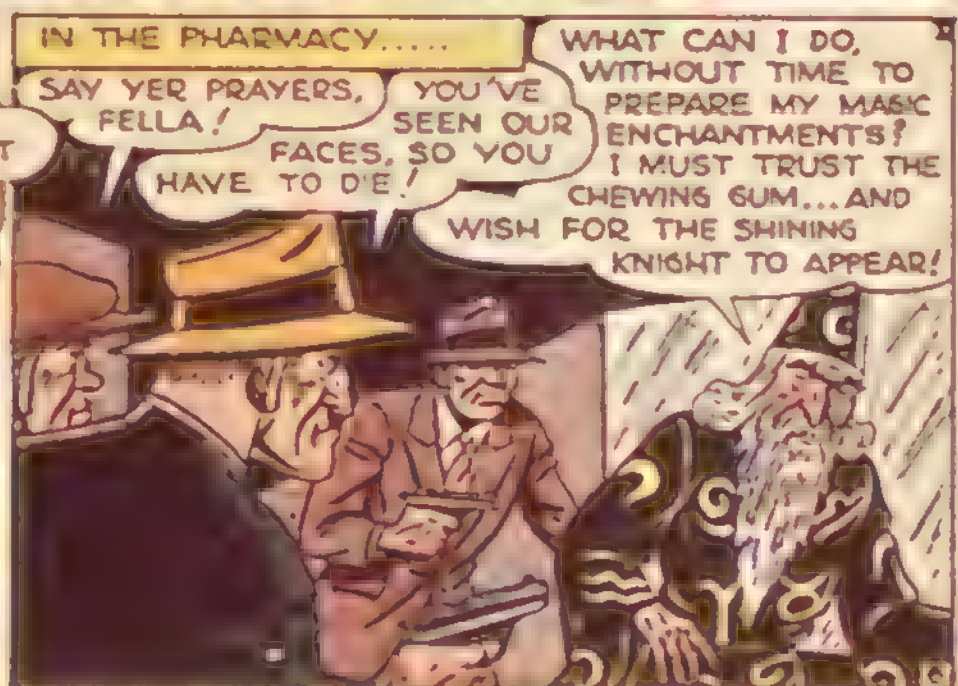
MEANWHILE -

THE VARLETS ESCAPED, THANKS TO WHOEVER THREW THAT BUNDLE OF TWIGS!

SOME OLD CHAP WHO HAD ON CRAZY CLOTHES-



MERLIN! TRUTH, I'D FORGOTTEN HIM! HE'LL BE LOOKING FOR HERBS... HE'LL FIND THOSE IN THAT DRUGGIST'S SHOP. BETTER GET HIM AND GO HOME. WE'VE FAILED TONIGHT!

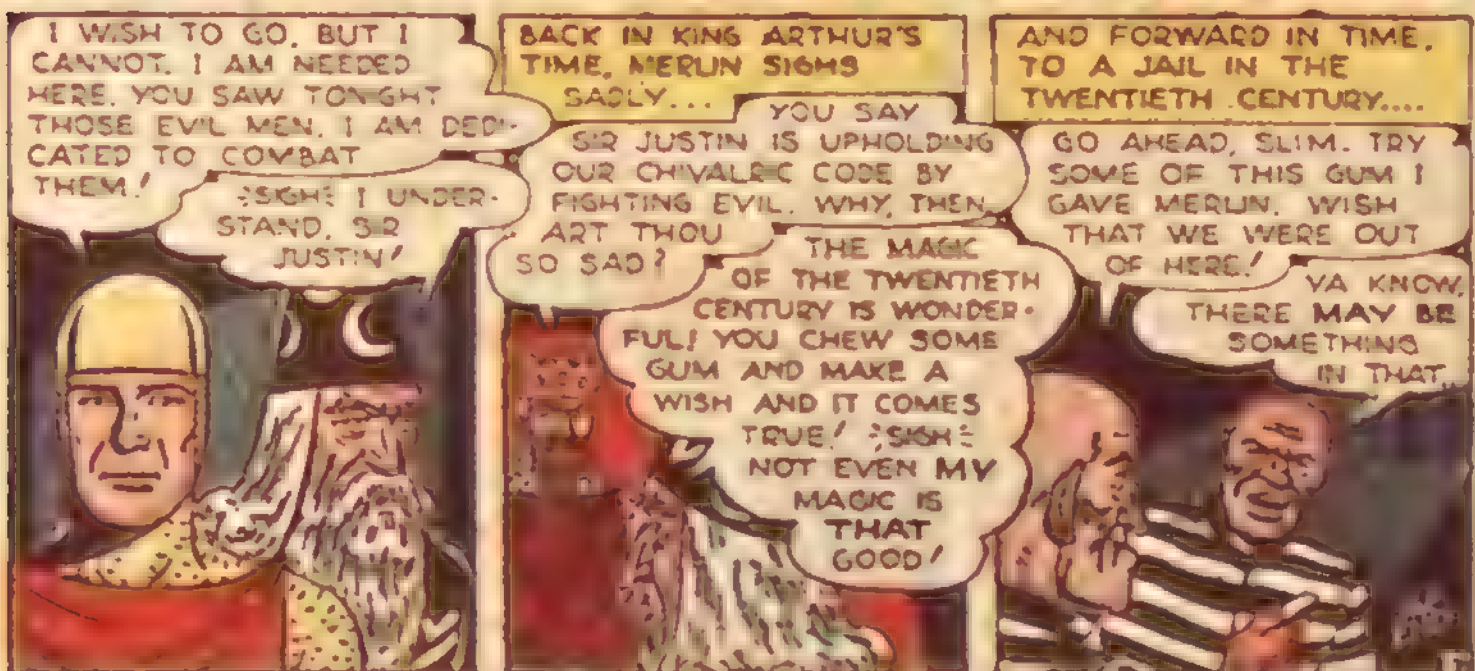


IN THE PHARMACY....

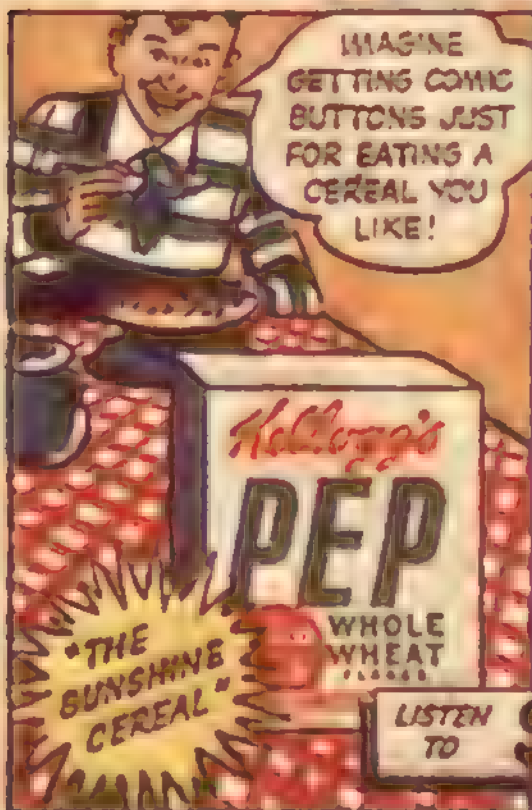
SAY YER PRAYERS, FELLA!

YOU'VE SEEN OUR FACES, SO YOU HAVE TO DIE!

WHAT CAN I DO, WITHOUT TIME TO PREPARE MY MAGIC ENCHANTMENTS? I MUST TRUST THE CHEWING GUM...AND WISH FOR THE SHINING KNIGHT TO APPEAR!



Wow! See the keen comic buttons on that kid's hat!



GET YOUR PRIZE BUTTONS WITH
Kellogg's PEP!

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

18
BUTTONS
IN ALL

OLIVE OYL
BAGWOOD
SUPERMAN
BLONDE
BIP WINKLE
DON WINSLOW

POPEYE
UNCLE WILLY
ANDY GUMP
JUNIOR TRACY
JOE
LORD FLIMSBOTTOM

SMOKEY
MAGGIE
HANS
PETE
LITTLE KING
POP JUNK

You get one of these 18 brightly colored, all-metal buttons ready to pin on, in every package of sweet-tasting Kellogg's PEP. Collect 'em—swap 'em—savor 'em—enjoy 'em! Get in line to get your Kellogg's PEP today!

LISTEN
TO



Time to day, Monday through Friday, for the thrilling adventures of Superman. Your local paper tells time and station.



DAFFY DOODLE

BY WIN



WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, DAFFY --



-- YOU'VE BEEN DOWN IN THE MOUTH ALL DAY!



YOU REMEMBER THE OTHER DAY YOU TOLD ME YOU'D BE A FRIEND TO ME TO THE END?



SURE! I SAID I'D STICK TO YOU TO THE END AND I MEANT IT!



WELL, WOULD YOU LEND ME FIVE DOLLARS?

THIS IS THE END!

Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY FLEER'S **DUBBLE BUBBLE** GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE



THAT ACT WILL BE A FLOP!

DON'T JUST ASK FOR BUBBLE GUM... SAY DUBBLE BUBBLE

...THEN YOU'RE SURE TO GET THE BEST!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AHEAD!

BUT I'LL WIN IN THE END!

DUBBLE BUBBLE IS SO BIG!

YET IT COSTS SO LITTLE... ONLY A PENNY!

SEE... IT'S EASY TO BLOW A BUBBLE WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE... FUN, TOO!

IN EVERY PIECE IS WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM TAKES THE CAKE, TOO!

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE AGILE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

LIGHT SUBJECT

by Paul Denby

"IT'S like I told you, Mr. Policezen," Lieutenant Martin said. "We're doing all we can to find the stickup men who have been terrorizing the neighborhood." Martin looked reprovingly over his glasses at the stocky, delicatessen man who stood before him.

Herman Policezen said plaintively, "But twice my store has been held up by these . . . these robbers! But different men each time!"

Martin coughed. It was the same old story. Half the shopkeepers in the neighborhood had been to see him about these stickup artists. "No, they're the same men, Mr. Policezen," he explained patiently. "They've managed to elude us by using different disguises. But sooner or later they'll make a slip."

"A slip he tells me," howled Policezen, holding his hands to his ears. His supplication was made to a boy of about twelve, who was standing nearby, watching the proceedings with awed eyes. "My son, Herman, junior, here, as lazy as he is, could do better, I bet you, Lieutenant."

The lieutenant nodded, said wearily, "Perhaps." He felt terribly tired. "There's nothing further I can tell you, Policezen, unless you want me to station an officer around the store for a while."

"No!" For the first time young Herman spoke. His father looked at him in astonishment. The lieutenant nodded toward young Herman and said, "Why not, son?"

"Officer Boyle will be back from his vacation tomorrow," said Herman. "He's a friend of mine. He'll catch them."

The long-suffering Martin smiled. No doubt about it, Boyle was popular with the kids in the neighborhood. But he was about ready for retirement, and no match for stickup men who would kill in a pinch. He decided against saying this to the enthusiastic young Herman, however. Instead, he said:

"Well, you and your father take it up with

Officer Boyle, Herman. Meanwhile, we'll keep right on the job."

Herman, senior, turned his anger on his son, as he stormed out of the precinct house, followed by Herman, junior. "And Mamma tells me you have been making experiments around the house again." He raised a warning finger. "What did I tell you about that?"

"But Pop," young Herman studiously stepped out of his parent's reach. No use arguing with Pop when he was upset about something. "I was just trying to fix our bell wires."

His father's face reddened. "Five dollars it cost me to have a licensed electrician come in to repair your damage!" He grunted. "It comes out of your allowance every week."

Young Herman's face clouded. That wasn't good. He didn't dare tell his father of the new equipment he had ordered. It was an expensive hobby, his experiments with electricity. But some day young Herman hoped to be an electrical engineer, and he was learning a lot in his home workshop.

The end of the tirade came when they turned the corner near his father's delicatessen store. It was dusk, and the lights were on.

"Look, Pop, Momma turned on the new sign!"

There it was, erected this morning and the pride and joy of the elder Herman's life. In red, glistening neon, it proudly identified the store as "Policezen's Delicatessen."

Young Herman relaxed as his father's anger faded at sight of the sign. The older man's hand clapped his son on the shoulder. "The first in my family to own so fine a store and sign," Herman, senior, said proudly. "Some day, my son, it will be yours." Then he glowered and added, "If these stickup men don't ruin me!"

"Hey, there, how're the two Hermans!" The voice that broke in on them was cheerful and friendly. It belonged to Officer Denny Boyle, who only that day had returned from his month's

vacation. Denny Boyle was no longer young, and he had needed the long rest. Herman, senior, returned the cheery salutation, then hurried on. Boyle blinked.

"What's the matter with your pop, Herman?"

He listened attentively as the lad told about the holdup and their visit to the precinct house.

"I know it must worry your dad. But we'll get those crooks yet. Sometimes it takes a little time. . . ."

"Yes sir, Mr. Boyle. And I wish I could help," Herman added in parting. He'd just remembered he had better put away that new electrical equipment before his father found it. There was a special adapter for breaking circuits that young Herman wanted badly. As he thought of it now, his eyes glanced to the brilliant sign in front of his father's store. It was certainly beautiful, going off and on like that! For a long moment, young Herman watched it. Then suddenly, he snapped his fingers. Say, maybe he could help catch those holdup guys! He'd tell Officer Boyle his idea and see what the veteran cop thought of it.

For a week after that, young Herman haunted the store, something he didn't often do. He even took care of the shop alone one evening. His father beamed and, privately, told his wife, "Our boy, Momma, is getting that foolishness about electrical gadgets out of his head. Now I think he'll become a good delicatessen man."

A few evenings later young Herman was alone in the shop and his parents were in their apartment behind the store. Herman, senior, looked at his watch. Almost ten and time to close for the night. He went into the store, saw his young son asking two men in laborer's clothes what he could get them. At their reply Herman, senior, gasped.

"You can get us the contents of the cash register," one of the men said. He produced a gun. The other man had a gun, too, and now he motioned to Herman, senior, to get behind the counter. "That all you got?" he asked as the boy handed him some bills from the cash box.

They always kept a few hundred dollars hidden behind some sugar sacks. Herman, senior,

gasped as his son said, "We . . . we . . . hide more behind here." He pointed to the sugar sacks. "I'll . . . I'll get it for you."

Old Herman just stared, unable to believe his ears. "Herman," he quavered. "What are you saying?"

"Shut up!" snarled one of the men. "Go ahead kid, and get that dough."

Young Herman fumbled behind the sugar sacks, then brought out the money. His father's eyes popped. "Here you are, sir," his son said. "That's all we have."

"Smart boy." The man tucked the money in his shirt and he and his friend backed toward the door. "Just don't call for help until we're on our way and you'll be okay. . . ."

"They don't have to!" It was a friendly, reassuring, and familiar voice. The stickup men whirled, saw the deadly menace in Officer Boyle's eyes, the gun in his hand—and they raised their own hands high at the sight. With his left, Boyle threw a pair of handcuffs to young Herman. "Get behind them and cuff these two together, Herman," he said, "after they drop their guns. . . ."

Two minutes later a patrol car arrived and took the men away. Tears of gratitude poured down old Herman's face as he thanked Officer Boyle. "You did it, Officer," he said. "You caught them." He looked angrily at young Herman. "My cowardly son . . ."

"Your son caught them, Herman," Officer Boyle said. "I only helped." He took old Herman's hand. "Come outside."

In front of the store the elder Herman followed the policeman's pointing finger. He gasped. "The . . . the . . . sign—Herman did it?"

"Sure," Officer Boyle smiled. "The kid fixed the sign so that he could use it as a signal. The switch was behind the sugar bags; that's why he wanted to give the men the money, and stall for time. I've been watching each night for the signal."

The older Herman could only gasp. For above his head was the sign, "Policezen's Delicatessen" but only a part of it was blinking. And that part blinked regularly off and on the word: "POLICE."

THE GREEN ARROW



YOU MEET A MODERN
DAVID AND GOLIATH WHEN
THE BRAIN, CRAFTY CRIMINAL
RACKET KING, TRIES TO BLEED A
GREAT CITY'S RESTAURANT
OF ITS PROFITS, AND RUNS
INTO OPPOSITION FROM A
SMALL BOY. AND THOSE
WIZARDS OF ARCHERY, THE
GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY,
FIND A LURID CHAIN OF CLUES
WHEN THEY FOLLOW THE TINY
"DAVID" ON A WILD CHASE TO
BRING ABOUT THE DOWN-
FALL OF THE RACKETS-KING.
FOR ADVENTURE AND HUMOR,
FOLLOW ALONG THE TRAIL
BLAZED BY ...

"GREEN ARROW, Junior!"

THE GREEN ARROW'S HEAD-QUARTERS? NO, JUST THE ROOM OF BOB TILDEN, ONE OF THE FAMED ARCHER'S ADMIRERS...

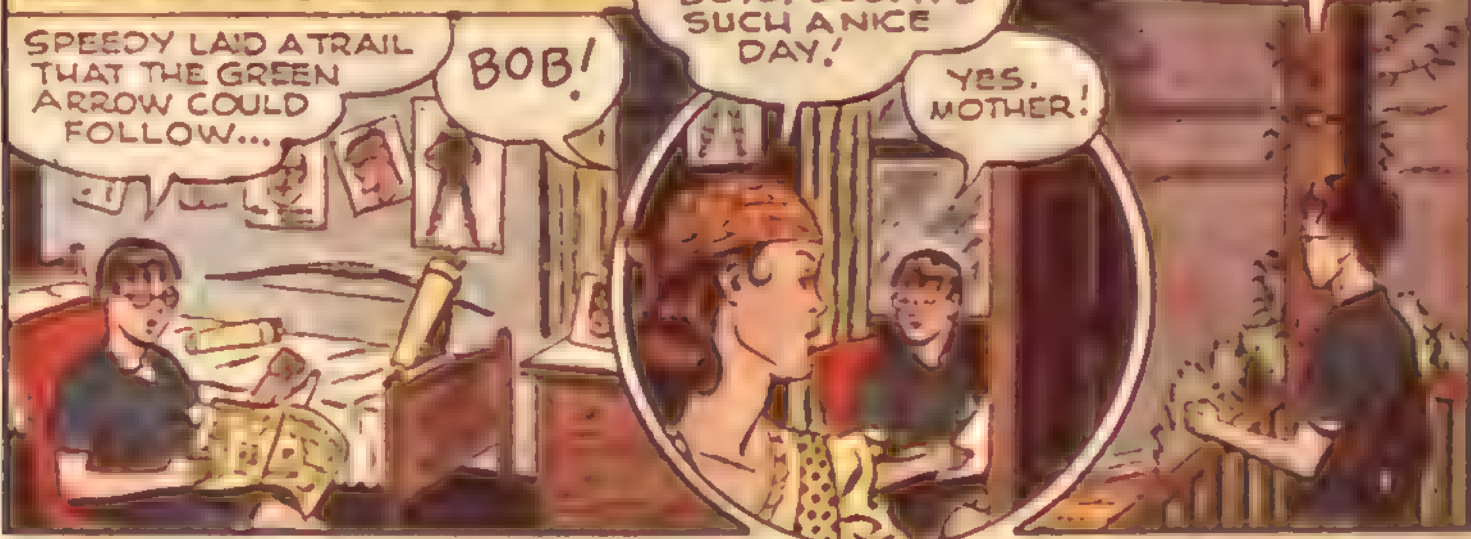
SPEEDY LAID A TRAIL THAT THE GREEN ARROW COULD FOLLOW...

BOB!

WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND PLAY WITH THE OTHER BOYS, BOB? IT'S SUCH A NICE DAY!

IF THEY WOULD ONLY LET ME PLAY WITH THEM — MAYBE —

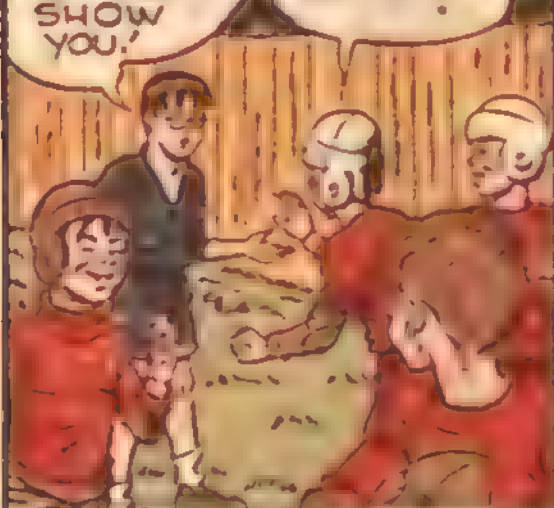
YES, MOTHER!



BUT I CAN PLAY FOOTBALL! LET ME SHOW YOU!

G'WAN, YOU'D GET KILLED! GO HOME, SKINNY!

THEY THINK I'M A WEAKLING! I'LL SHOW THEM!



SHUNNED BY THE OTHER BOYS JUST BECAUSE HE IS NOT THEIR PHYSICAL EQUAL, BOB SEEKS SOLACE IN MAKE-BELIEVE!

AND A LITTLE LATER...

YOU'RE A MARKED MAN, BRAIN — THE GREEN ARROW IS ON YOUR TRAIL!



COME OUT, BRAIN! YOU'RE FINISHED!

SO I'LL HAVE TO BLAST YOU OUT! TAKE THAT, BRAIN!



SUDDENLY AN AUDIENCE APPEARS.

HA, HA! THE SISSY THINKS HE'S THE GREEN ARROW!

HE'S AFTER THE BRAIN WITH RUBBER-TIPPED ARROWS! HA, HA!



THAT EVENING —

I'M RUNNING AWAY, GREEN ARROW... I'LL SHOW THEM I'M NOT A SISSY! I'LL CATCH A CROOK!

I'LL SHOW THEM!

THEN, FOR A MOMENT BOB'S DETERMINATION WAVERS...

I...I HATE TO LEAVE YOU, MOM AND POP — BUT I HAVE TO.

GOODBYE, ARROWCAR! I'D TAKE YOU WITH ME BUT YOU HAVE NO LIGHTS — AND IT'S NIGHT!

LONELY NIGHT IN A GREAT CITY...

THIS IS HOW THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY LOOK FOR CRIMINALS — BUT — I'M SO SLEEPY —

15 MINUTES PARKING

I'LL REST HERE — JUST A FEW MINUTES — OUT OF THE COLD — HO, HUM —

THEN VOICES AWAKEN BOB FROM HIS DOZE...

THEY'RE GANGSTERS! I'M SURE THEY ARE!

YOU GUYS KNOW THE PLAY, AND REMEMBER, THE BRAIN DON'T LIKE BUNGLERS!



AT THIS MOMENT, INSIDE LING TOY'S,
ARE OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER...

I'M BEGINNING TO
DOUBT WE'LL MEET
THE BRAIN THIS
WAY, OLIVER.

IF HE'S
ORGANIZING
ALL THE
RESTAURANTS
HE'LL BE
HERE.



LOOKS LIKE WE
HIT IT THIS TIME!
THERE GOES ONE
OF THE BRAIN'S
MEN INTO THE
KITCHEN.

LET'S GET
TO THE
ARROWCAR
AND CHANGE
CLOTHES,
QUICK!

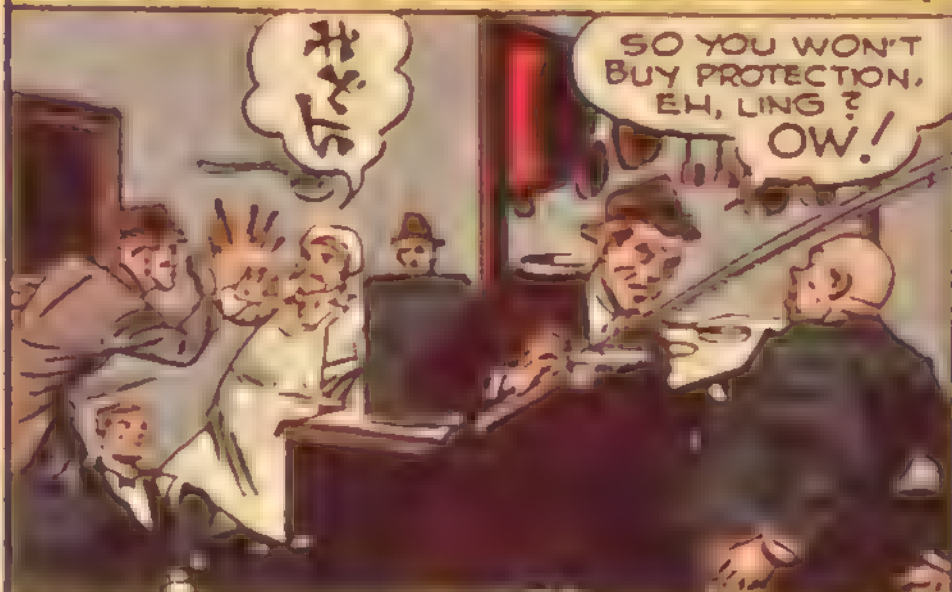


SWIFTLY DOWN A BACK
STAIRWAY TO THE WAITING
ARROWCAR...

WE WERE BOUND TO
CATCH UP WITH THEM—
WE ATE IN A DIFFERENT
RESTAURANT EVERY NIGHT.



AND AS THE BRAIN'S THUGS ARE BUSY ORGANIZING:



It's
his

SO YOU WON'T
BUY PROTECTION,
EH, LING?
OW!



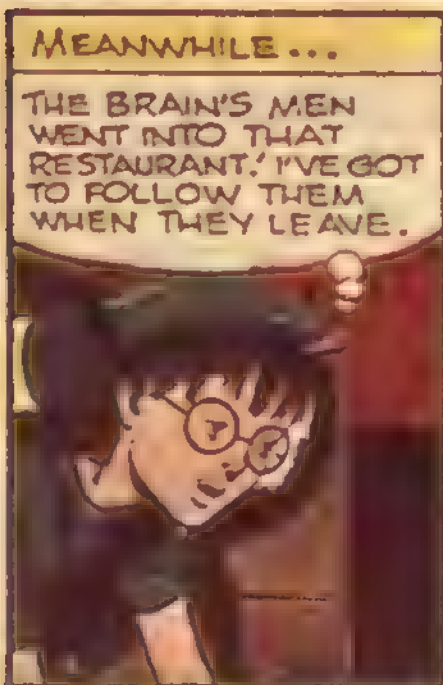
BONG

I RANG
THE BELL
WITH THAT
ONE!



THANKS,
SPEEDY!

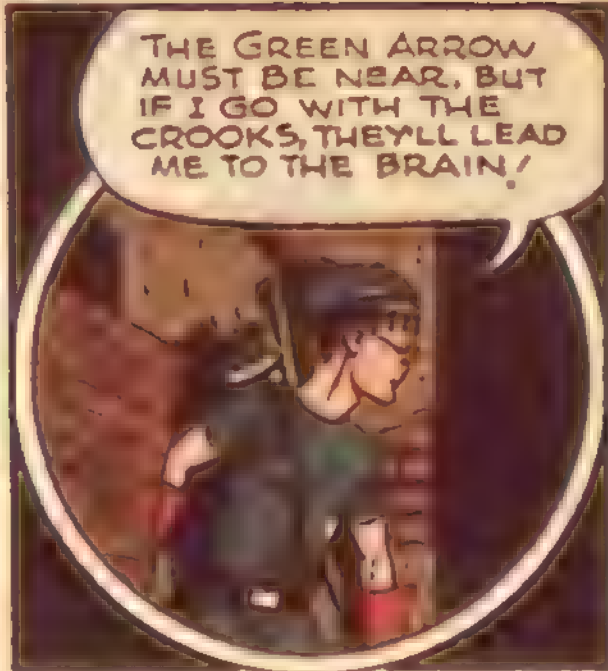
SOUP'S ON!



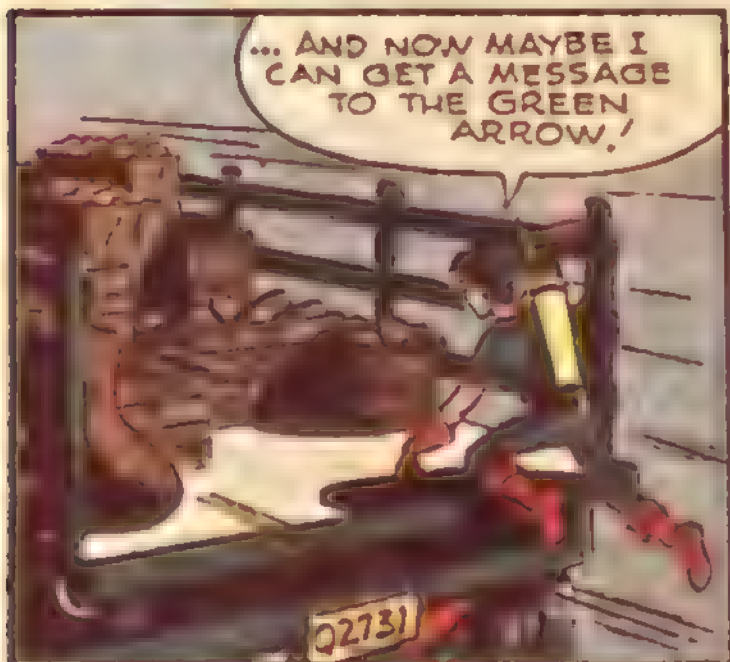
SHUT UP AND GRAB THAT VEGETABLE TRUCK. THE GREEN ARROW DOESN'T HAVE US YET!



THE GREEN ARROW MUST BE NEAR, BUT IF I GO WITH THE CROOKS, THEY'LL LEAD ME TO THE BRAIN!



... AND NOW MAYBE I CAN GET A MESSAGE TO THE GREEN ARROW!



- LAY A TRAIL THAT THE GREEN ARROW WILL BE SURE TO FOLLOW - THAT'S WHAT SPEEDY WOULD DO! FIRST A SQUASH-



MEANWHILE, THE TWO CRIME CRUSADERS REVIVE AND LOOK FOR THE TRAIL OF THE FLEEING THUGS...

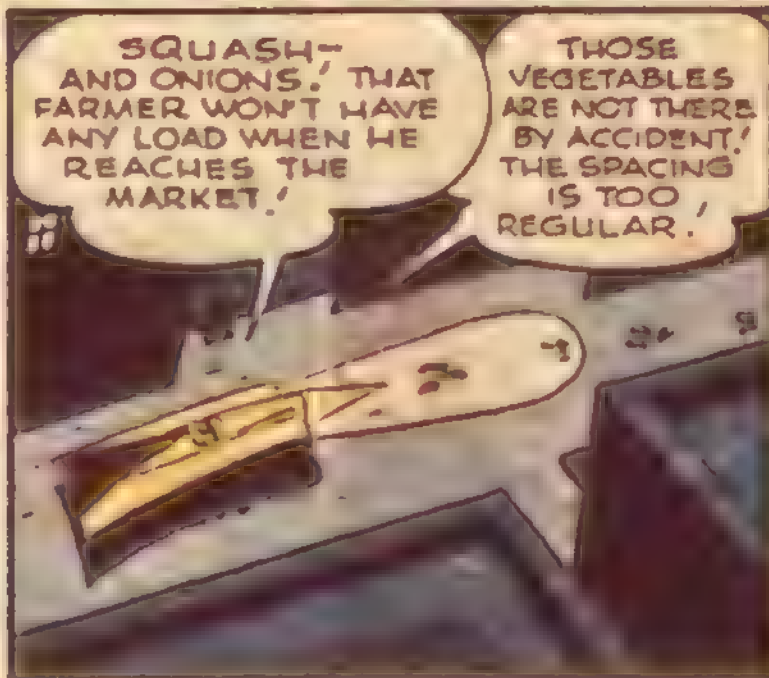
SOMEBODY HELPED US BY FLATTENING THEIR TIRES!

BUT THEY MUST HAVE FOUND ANOTHER CAR - LOOK - VEGETABLES!



SQUASH - AND ONIONS! THAT FARMER WON'T HAVE ANY LOAD WHEN HE REACHES THE MARKET!

THOSE VEGETABLES ARE NOT THERE BY ACCIDENT! THE SPACING IS TOO REGULAR!



SQUASH-ONIONS-SQUASH! S FOR SQUASH-O FOR ONIONS-

IT'S AN SOS! WHOEVER FLATTENED THE TIRES IS ON THAT TRUCK WITH THE CROOKS!

THEN, THE VEGETABLE TRAIL ENDS...

HEY... THEY'RE GOING TO HIT THAT WALL!



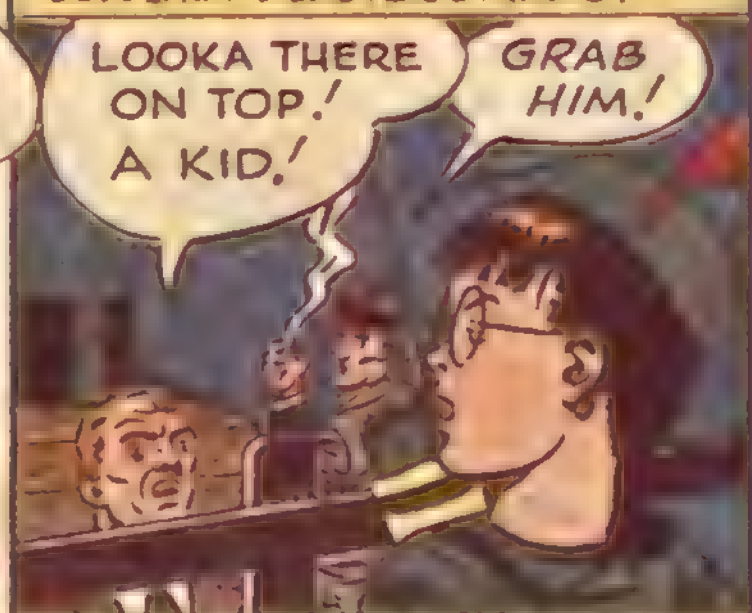
BUT THE WALL SWINGS OPEN!

AN EMPTY WAREHOUSE IS THEIR HIDEOUT!

SUDDENLY, DISASTER STRIKES!

LOOKA THERE ON TOP! A KID!

GRAB HIM!



OW!

LEMME GO! I WAS JUST HITCHING A RIDE!

HOLD THAT KID-BLAST YOU!

MEET THE BRAIN, RACKET KING...

LOOK AT HIS CLOTHES, YOU FOOLS! HE'S ONE OF THE GREEN ARROW OUTFIT- AND YOU BRING HIM HERE!



THE RUTHLESS PACKETEER WASTES NO TIME...

THE GREEN
ARROW WILL FOLLOW
YOU, WON'T HE?
WE'LL JUST HANG
YOU WHERE HE'LL
BE SURE TO
FIND YOU!

PULL
HIM UP
TO ABOUT
TWELVE FEET,
ED!

THAT ROPE IS
ATTACHED TO A
BOMB— WHEN
YOUR FRIEND FINDS
YOU AND CUTS YOU
DOWN, IT'LL GO
OFF!

AND
THAT
FINISHES
THE GREEN
ARROW!
LET'S GO,
BOSS!

BUT BOB
HAS OTHER
IDEAS... AND
AFTER THE
CROOKS
LEAVE...

I CAN'T LET
THE GREEN
ARROW WALK
INTO A TRAP!
IF I CAN
SET OFF THE
FIRE
ALARM!

BOB'S HANDKERCHIEF IS
TIED TO AN ARROW— A
MATCH IS APPLIED— AND
STRAIGHT TO ITS MARK
GOES THE ARROW!

HE SET THE ALARM
OFF WITH A BURNING
ARROW! IT'LL BRING
THE COPS! I'LL
FIX THAT
BRAT!

BUT SUDDENLY—

AWK!

CLANG CLANG

FROM THE SKYLIGHT DROPS AN AVENGING BOLT OF SWINGING ENERGY—

WANT TO BUY SOME PROTECTION NOW, BRAIN?

GET TOGETHER, FELLOWS!

ANOTHER KID! HELP!

FOLLOWED BY YET ANOTHER ...

BOB TILDEN RETURNS HOME ...

HOME AGAIN, BOB. LOOKS GOOD, DOESN'T IT?

YES, GREEN ARROW—AND I'LL NEVER LEAVE IT AGAIN. IF ONLY THE BOYS—

— AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

SO YOU RIGGED UP A BOOBY TRAP FOR US. BRAIN'S WELL. WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN IT UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!

CUT THE CURRENT! A BOMB GOES OFF IF I LET THIS ROPE GO!

NEXT MORNING, BOB GETS A BIG SURPRISE!

GEE!

LATER—IN BOB'S ROOM...

GOSH! READ THAT!

HE DOES HELP THE GREEN ARROW!

HOW ABOUT SOME FOOTBALL BOB?

END.

Adventure News
GREEN ARROW
JUNIOR HELPS
CAPTURE BRAIN!
BOB TILDEN LE
GREEN ARROW
REVEAL

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PHONE**

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